This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

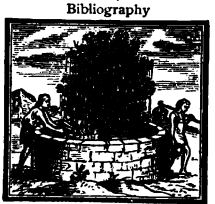
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Bibliography

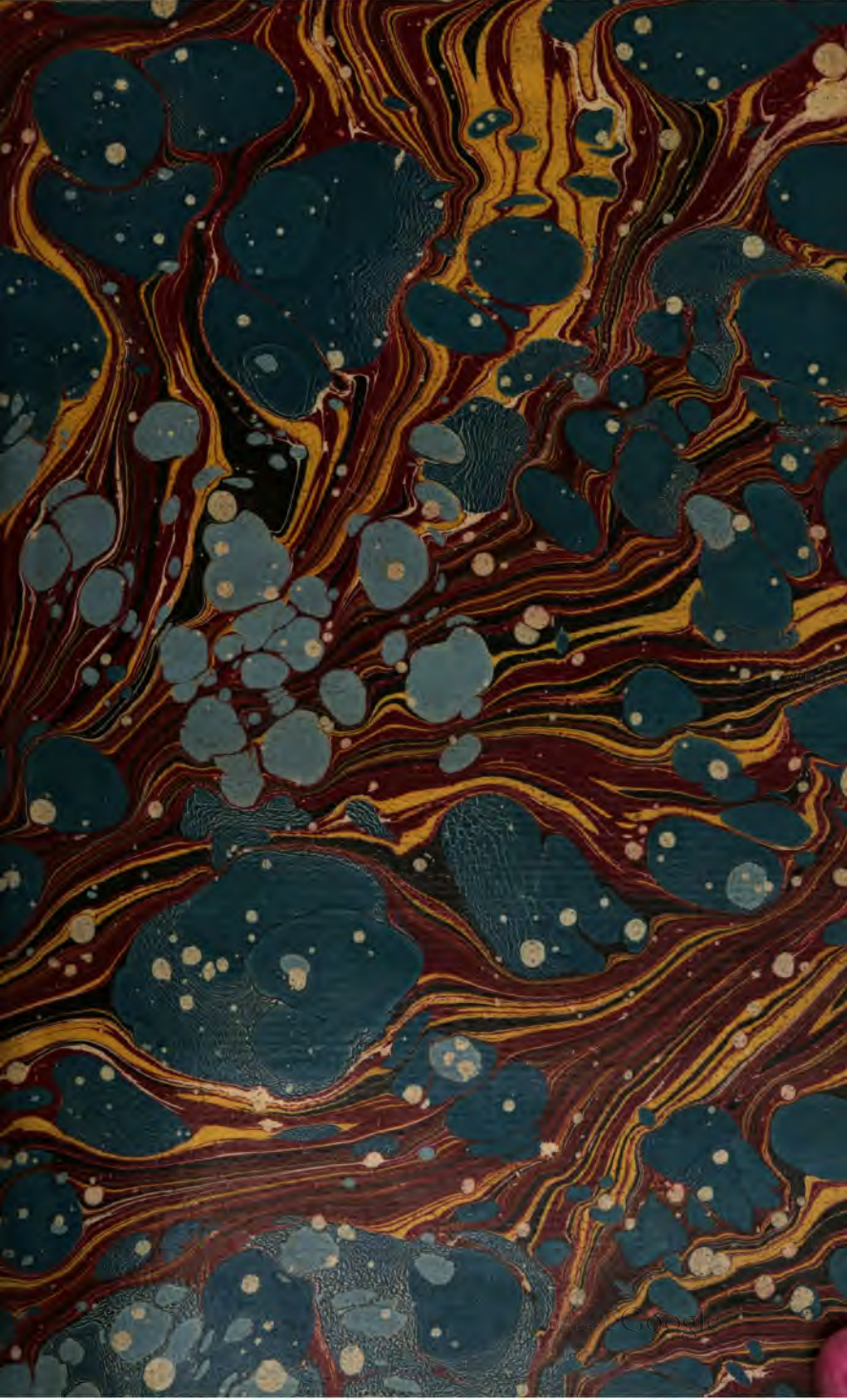


THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE

'In Paradise the Tree
Of Knowledge was the pride;
By God's supreme decree,
The man who eat, then died.

But Heaven in mercy since
Does him who tastes forgive;
To know is no offence:
Now, he who eats, shall live.'

HENRY STEVENS of Vermont, FSA, &c
4 Trafalgar Square, London.



FOR H. STEVENS 1884

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

A

CONGRATULATORY POEM

ON THE

LATE SUCCESSES

OF THE

BRITISH ARMS, &c.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

A

CONGRATULATORY POEM

ON THE

LATE SUCCESSES

OF THE

BRITISH ARMS,

PARTICULARLY

THE TRIUMPHANT EVACUATION

OF

BOSTON.

Fallere et effugere eſt Triumphus. HOR.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

AN ODE TO MR. PINCHBECK,

UPON HIS NEWLY-INVENTED

PATENT CANDLE-SNUFFERS.

DUBLIN:

Printed for W. WILSON, No. 6, Dame-ſtreet.

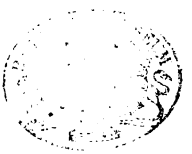
M, DCC, LXXVI.

2799. e. 60

D.3.N.

Digitized by Google

BODL[illegible]LIBRARY
27 APR. 3 0
OXFORD



BRITISH MUSEUM
Transferred
1889
DUPLICATE.

Digitized by Google

A CONGRATULATORY POEM ON THE LATE SUCCESSES OF THE BRITISH ARMS.

WHILE temper'd wiſdom at the helm preſides,
And equal juſtice Royal mercy guides;
On weſtern plains the *Britiſh* lion frowns,
And conquers nations by deſerting towns.
Oh, great refinement on the *Parthian's* ſtrain!
Who fled indeed—but to return again.

A hardy race invert the ſacred words,
And forge the ſpade and pruning hook to ſwords;
The teeming ſoil a *Colchian* harveſt rears,
It's little phalanx ev'ry furrow bears;
Wide and more wide the dragon's teeth are caſt,
And new-born hoſts amaze the pathleſs waſte.

Digitized by Google

Surrounded, famiſh'd, by a deſp'rate pack,
Fear in their van, and ſlaughter at their back.
Their vauntive foes the *Britiſh* chiefs defy,
They ſpread their canvas, and victorious fly.
Yes—witneſs Gods!—they leave the fatal ſtrand,
Untar'd, unfeather'd, by a rebel band.
Let Gazetteers the pompous ſtory ſhape,
And ſpread the glories of a proud eſcape;
Let penſion'd ſenators purſue the boaſt,
And trim the laurels of a vagrant hoſt;
Let true-born *Scots* their Io-pœans ſing,
And praiſe the heroes as they love their king;
And let that king his glorious meed beſtow,
And toaſt the chieftains when the goblets flow:
Then ſhall the muſe attend the feſtive throng,
And ſwell the plaudits with her firſt-born ſong.
A bard, unplac'd, unpenſion'd, and unpaid,
His free-will off'ring brings, th' *Aonian* maid.
He ſeeks nor biſhopric, nor gen'ral's ſtaff;
Enough for him—to make his readers laugh;
Enough for him, ſhou'd *Clio's* ſacred ſmile
The toils of *N—*, and *M—'s* fears beguile;

L. 26. A great perſonage gave General *Carleton* and his brave troops the very firſt toaſt the day the news of the relief of *Quebec* was received.

Digitized by Google

Enough if ONE a moment's audience ſpare
From buttons, ſnuffers, nut-crackers, and prayer.

Exalted heroes! that the deep explore
To find *new Scotlands* on the weſtern ſhore.
Not ſent, as fools might idly dream—to fight—
But, nobler taſk!—to prove your paſſive might;
That *Britiſh* ſuff'rings might the rebel ſcare
(A gracious prince the ſubject's blood will ſpare)
With patience firm, as anchoret of old,
You roſe triumphant over want and cold.
But nought avails to fly the deſp'rate band,
Miſguided zealots other arts demand.
Farewel the theatre! whoſe nightly ſtate
Recall'd the glories of the day's debate.
Where puny enſign boy'd ſome am'rous queen,
And real captains were in buſkins ſeen:
Where ſcenic pomp aton'd for want of food,
And infant gen'rals learn'd the trade of blood,
Beheld the mimic with the true contend,
And falling there prepar'd them for their end.

Behold, a *Scotia* ſpreads her friendly plains,
Where cold and hunger purify the brains

L. 49. Some ſqueaking *Cleopatra* boy my greatneſs.
SHAKESPEARE.

Digitized by Google

With ſkill to ſcent advantage from afar,
With arts of peace, and ſtratagems of war:
There learn to ſend your miſſionary band,
Your miniſters of peace with ſword in hand,
Lead conquering foes by ſecond-ſighted charms
To truſt your promiſes before their arms,
With ſuppliant voice the ſavage tribes implore,
To dip the tomohawk in *Britiſh* gore,
And rouſe the negro ſlave with proſp'rous art,
To plant the ponyard in his maſter's heart:
Your tapſt'ried deeds in *Kew* ſhall be diſplay'd,
And bloom when *Churchill's* and young *Ammon's* fade!

But, mark that train, ſo gallant, trim and bold,
Exhaling civet, and emblaz'd with gold!
The powder'd darlings of the young and gay,
In naſty tranſports plough their wat'ry way;
From ſafe parade, where tempting *Floras* rove,
From wars of *Venus*, and from wounds of love,
From nightly frays where caitiff watchman ſunk,
Rebellious waiter, or tempeſtuous punk,
With ſyringe arm'd and eſſence box they go,
To launch their thunders on the trembling foe.
A thouſand maſters join'd the youth to train;
The *ſurgeon* taught them a contempt of pain,

Digitized by Google

The wary *catchpole* lent his ſullen aid,
And ſoon they learn'd to ſhun an ambuſcade;
To painful vigils were the youths enur'd,
And courtly maſk and midnight ball endur'd;
The pealing dice-box and the drum's alarms
Have tun'd their organs to the din of arms;
Perch'd on their enſigns naked *Venus* ſtands,
And ſheds infection o'er rebellious lands.

Each anxious hour ſhall bear ſome murd'rous tale,
And glorious carnage load the tainted gale;
Each valiant *Scot* the rebel ſcalp ſhall tear,
And ſilken lords the bloody token wear,
Knights of the ſcalp, with honour'd badges red,
While *Windſor's* champions hide the faded head.

The bankrupt nation ſhall be well repaid,
For commerce loſt, and *Britiſh* fame decay'd;
If freedom from her laſt abode ſhe chaſe
(That fiend deteſted by a kingly race)
If, while each town and hamlet ſmoaks around,
And not a peaſant tills the ravag'd ground;
She builds on cities raz'd, and myriads ſlain,
A barren right, to tax a deſert plain.

Digitized by Google

Be common truths perceiv'd by common men,
Our *Palinurus* boaſts a clearer ken:
His eyes are purg'd with euphraſy and rue,
And human laws invert, and paſſions too.
A backward wiſdom breathes in ev'ry plan,
And all his politics reflect the man.
He bids our warfare with our thrift agree;
To gain we laviſh, and to conquer flee.
A triumph 'tis—when half an army dies;
'Tis art, 'tis conduct, when the remnant flies.
Ye gods! what conqueſts claim the *Britiſh* tyre!
Beſieging foes, unhurt, untouch'd, retire.
Not ſottiſh tyranny, not creeping art,
The head unjudging; and unfeeling heart,
Not raſh malevolence, not childiſh heat,
Not regal dulneſs, plans of power defeat,
And vet'ran hoſts to rebel bands betray
By puny handfuls, a defenceleſs prey;
Or bid them rocks and ſhoals and quickſands brave,
While warring winds and wintry billows rave.
On kings and ſenates hot-brain'd zealots fall,
Unjudging ſots!—'tis deep contrivance all!

L. 104. Even *Palinurus* nodded at the helm. POPE.
L. 105. Purg'd with euphraſy and rue
The viſual nerve.—— MILTON.

Digitized by Google

For wiſdom wears the maſk of old-wives dreams,
Diſtracted counſels, and unmeaning ſchemes,
Thus from their guard rebellious chiefs to throw,
And ruſh to vengeance in a final blow.

But will the clamours of the mob be ſtay'd?
Thoſe noiſy fools, that call a ſpade a ſpade.
Should ſcriblers rage, and diſcontents be loud:
Some new *Regatta* ſhall amuſe the croud,
Or chariot races ſooth the gaping throng,
And peers contending ply the nimble thong.
Should yet the croud ſome ruder ſport demand,
Let hardy bull-bait ſtill the clam'rous band,
A baited ſtateſman in the circle roar,
And growling patriots revel in his gore;
Let courtly ſcribes their grateful fable ſpread,
And heap the plain with mountains of the dead,
That fainting ſtocks a tranſient breath may gain,
Ere forc'd *Gazettes* revive th' ideal ſlain.

Yet while abroad ſuch trophies wait our arms,
Domeſtic terrors ſpread their dire alarms,
In every vault are lurking *Fauxes* found,
And ſulph'rous trains, and deadly ſnares ſurround;
Not traps, and ſpring-guns half ſuch terror ſhed
Round *Cockney's* garden-pots, and ſallad-bed.

Digitized by Google

To ſeize his prey the dreadful *Sheriff* flies
And brings, like *Bayes*, an army in diſguiſe.
In taſks ſo bold can city men engage?
Can turtle feaſts inſpire ſuch mighty rage?
Does party zeal th' imperial victim claim?
Or mad ambition prompt the daring aim?
Preſumptuous banker! ſtay thine impious hand?
Nor drown with ſcalding tears a loyal land.
Diſtraction! horror! ſee our ſorrows flow—
Wilt thou a king to famiſh'd lions throw?
But heavenly guards, that watch o'er pious men,
Shall wait our *Daniel* in the lions den;
Charles Jenkinſon, like *Habakkuk* ſhall ſtand,
A bowl of pottage in his friendly hand;
Oh! cool the meſs with pious breath ſome *Scot*,
For *Scotiſh* mouths can blow both cold and hot.

When fears like theſe perplex a pious reign,
What god, what Atlas ſhall the weight ſuſtain?
What mighty hand the pond'rous motions roll,
When ſtate convulſions ſhake the labouring pole?
In clumſy ſtrength ſee heavy *Boreas* ſtand,
The *Tuſcan* column of a ſinking land,
Where ſtate empirics poſt their rubric bills
Of pocky noſtrums, and of gilded pills;

L. 150. Vide Rehearſal.

Digitized by Google

Let *Minden's* hero, like ſome new *Alcide*,
Partake the burthen and the fame divide,
Ere yet he feel, in wild confuſion hurl'd,
The wreck of matter, and the cruſh of world.
The baſhful offspring of a virtuous ſire
From bawds, and bullies ſhall a while retire,
A while his paraſite, and whore, forſake,
And dipp'd by impudence in *Stygian* lake,
Come arm'd for fight in glorious want of ſhame,
And blaſt the laurels of his father's fame.
His bodkin ſpear the forward ſtripling draws,
And boyiſh pertneſs props a deſp'rate cauſe.
Ye buſy fiends! prolong your favourite's date
And ſpare him, *Venus*, for a ripen'd fate;
So may this age portentous guilt ſurvey,
And courtly ſunſhine lend its foſt'ring ray.
For ev'ry wretch the maſter's cloſet find,
A friendly *Lazar-houſe* for ſpotted minds;
Imperfect virtue may the guilty fear,
And dread infection when a villain's near;
A pious prince may call him to the throne,
Transform'd he ſtands,—religion's, and his own—
The filthy ulcer of the ſoul is dry'd,
By healing gold, with royal ſkill apply'd.

L. 173. Who eaſed *Atlas* of his burthen.

Digitized by Google

Brothers in miſchief! partners in diſgrace!
What envious fiends embroil a kindred race?
Who feel no principle, who boaſt no ſkill,
Shou'd prove at leaſt, unanimous in ill.
Shall *N*——, *G*——, and *R*—— diſagree?
Such feuds become the principled and free.
One only warfare ſouls, like yours, ſhould know,
The friend of *Britain* is your native foe.
Oh pledge your amity in rebel blood!
Why ſhould your ſquabbles glad the patriot brood?

When kingly bounty wells in ſecret ſtreams,
And ſtealthy ſynods ripen cloſet ſchemes:
Shebbeare and *Tucker* ſneak in deep debate
At midnight hour to plot a people's fate.
In lowering majeſty *Pompoſo* ſtands,
A mighty ſtandiſh arms his heavy hands,
Sublime on ſtilts he darts the ſcornful ken
On poor *triſyllables* of little men;
His notions aſk ſeſquipedalian words,
And ſcorn the dreſs that common ſpeech affords;
Well-marſhal'd ſentence, the gigantic phraſe,
And maxim quaint the gaping croud amaze;
Wide and more wide he bids the ſophiſm fly,
And thruſts a paradox in every eye.

Digitized by Google

The pious preacher, hoary babe of grace,
Around our ſtandard calls the choſen race:
When Majeſty with beggar's-box muſt ſue,
And crave an alms, a people to ſubdue;
When charity completes what ſenates plan'd,
And fleets and hoſts go begging thro' the land;
He teaches miſers ill-got wealth to bleſs,
And ſpare a part to monarchs in diſtreſs.

Oh! ne'er, tho' ſhame, and ruin, ſhou'd attend,
Ne'er ſhall the maſter to the vaſſal bend,
While *Britiſh* veins can pour a drop of blood,
While yet a veſſel rides the crimſon'd flood;
Tho' faction rave, tho' party ſcriblers rage,
And headſtrong patriots ceaſeleſs combat wage;
With noble pride we ſcorn the vulgar throng,
And boaſt at leaſt a firmneſs in the wrong.

Thus the ſlow aſs with fortitude untam'd,
For length of ears and obſtinacy fam'd,
Treads down the fence, and ſpoils the cultur'd ground,
Tho' maſtifs bay, tho' peaſants hoot around,
Tho' half the village at his heels ariſe,
And ceaſeleſs cudgels vibrate in his eyes.

FINIS.

Digitized by Google

JY 86

Digitized by Google

O D E

TO

MR. PINCHBECK,

ON HIS NEWLY-INVENTED

PATENT CANDLE-SNUFFERS.

BY

MALCOLM M'GREGGOR, ESQ.

Author of the HEROIC EPISTLE to Sir WILLIAM CHAMBERS, and the HEROIC POSTSCRIPT.

Quoſque ergo fruſtrà paſcemus ignigenum iſtum?

APULEII, Met. Lib. 7.

Why ſhould a Patent be granted to this Candle-Snuffer in vain?

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

ADVERTISEMENT.

EVER ſince my firſt publication, the curioſity, not to ſay anxiety, of the world concerning my name, has been ſo great, that it has frequently given me pain to conceal what the world will now ſee it was not poſſibly in my power to diſcover.

IN ſhort, I had no name, till the royal favour lately reſtored my very ancient and honourable clan to its priſtine title and honours. I was therefore in the ſame deplorable caſe with a certain nameleſs lady, whom I have long had the honour to call my neighbour, and who, I ſincerely hope, will ſoon, by the ſame favour, be reſtored to that title, which, upon my honour, I believe, ſhe has erroneouſly, and not intentionally forfeited.

Digitized by Google

ADVERTISEMENT.

I HAVE only to add, that now, when the Public is in poſſeſſion of my real name, it will not, I hope, ſuffer any national prejudice to prevent it from receiving this my firſt lyrical attempt with its former candour. But I muſt needs ſay, that if this Ode does not ſell as well as Mr. CUMBERLAND'S, I ſhall be apt to impute it, not to any inferiority, of lyrical ordonance, but merely to its having been written by a *Scotchman*.

KNIGHTSBRIDGE,
MAY 6, 1776.

Digitized by Google

O D E

TO

MR. PINCHBECK.

I.

ILLUSTRIOUS *Pinchbeck!* condescend,
Thou well-belov'd, and best king's-friend,
These lyric lines to view;
O! may they prompt thee, ere too late,
To snuff the candle of the state,
That burns a little blue.

II.

It once had got a stately wick,
When in its patent-candlestick
The revolution put it;
As white as wax we saw it shine
Thro' two whole lengths of *Brunswick's* line,
'Till *B*— first dar'd to smut it.

Digitized by Google

III.

Since then—but wherefore tell the tale?
Enough, that now it burneth pale,
And ſorely waſtes its tallow:
Nay, if thy poet rightly weens,
(Though little ſkill'd in ways and means)
Its ſave-all is but ſhallow.

IV.

Come then, ingenious artiſt, come,
And put thy finger, and thy thumb,
Into each poliſh'd handle;
On thee alone our hopes depend,
Thy king's, and eke thy country's friend,
To trim *Old England's* candle.

V.

But firſt we pray, for its relief,
Pluck from its wick, each tory thief,
It elſe muſt quickly rue it;
* While *N*— and *M*— ſputter there,
Thou'lt ne'er prevent with all thy care,
The melting of the ſuet.

* Theſe initials, like thoſe in the banns of marriage publiſhed between N. and M. may be filled up at the Reader's pleaſure.
Vide Common Prayer Book.

Digitized by Google

VI.

There's *Twitcher* too, that old he-witch,
Sticks in his bole as black as pitch,
* And makes a filthy pother;
When curſt with ſuch a ſorry fiend,
And lighted too at either end,
'Twill ſoon be in a ſmother.

VII.

I fear me much in ſuch a plight,
Thoſe tapers bleſt would loſe their light,
Canadian fanes that deck;
Which pious —*— ordains to blaze,
And gild with their eſtabliſh'd rays,
Our lady of *Quebec*.

VIII.

† His arms, thou hallowed image! bleſs,
And ſurely thou canſt do no leſs,

* Our ingenious inventor's ſnuffers are peculiarly calculated to remedy this evil, to which indeed all candles are more or leſs ſubject. *See the Patentee's Advertiſement.*

† It is humbly preſumed that the claſſical Reader will here perceive a boldneſs of tranſition, only to be equalled by *Pindar*, and perhaps by *Horace*, in ſome of his ſublimer odes.

Digitized by Google

He is thy faith's defender;
Thou oweſt thy place to him alone,
As other *Jacobites* have done,
And not to the pretender.

IX.

Haſte then, and quaſh the hot turmoil,
That flames in *Boſton's* angry ſoil,
And frights the mother-nation:
Know, lady! if its rage you ſtop,
Pinchbeck ſhall ſend you, from his ſhop,
A moſt ſuperb oblation.

X.

His patent-ſnuffers, in a diſh
Of burniſh'd gold; if more you wiſh,
His cyclops ſhall beſtir
Their brawny ſtumps, and for thy ſake,
Of *Pinchbeck's* own mixt-metal make
A huge extinguiſher.

XI.

To form the maſs ——, thy ideal
Shall furniſh that well-temper'd ſteel,

Digitized by Google

Thou didſt at *Minden* brandiſh;
Nor yet ſhall *G—'s* reverend dean,
Counting its worth, refuſe, I ween,
His ponderous leaden ſtandiſh.

XII.

Poor Doctor *Johnſon*, I'm afraid,
Can give but metaphoric aid;
His ſtyle's caſe-harden'd graces:
M'Pherſon, without ſhame, or fear,
Sir *John Dalrymple*, and *Shebbeare*
Shall melt their brazen faces.

XIII.

And ſure, this mixt metallic ſtuff,
Will yield materials large enough
To mold the mighty cone;
But how tranſport it, when 'tis caſt
Acroſs the deep *Atlantic* vaſt,
'Twill weigh ſome thouſand ſtone?

XIV.

"Leave that to me," our lady cries,
"Howe'er gigantic be its ſize,

Digitized by Google

" I have a ſcheme in petto;
" I'll fly with it from ſhore to ſhore,
" Safe as my ſooty ſiſter bore,
" Her cottage to *Loretto*.

XV.

" Swift to the congreſs with my freight
" I'll ſpeed, and on their heads its weight
" Souſe with ſuch ſkill and care;
" That *Puttnam*, *Waſhington* beneath,
" And graſping *Lee* ſhall wiſh to breathe
" * A pint of *Prieſtley's* air.

* This great philoſopher has lately diſcovered a method of fabricating a new ſpecies of air, of ſo infinitely ſuperior ſalubrity and duration to that vulgar atmoſpherical air, which for want of better we have been obliged to breathe for upwards of five thouſand years, that it is to be ſuppoſed that no *macaroni*, *ſavoir vivre*, or in plain *Engliſh*, no body that knows what's what, will in future condeſcend to reſpire any air, that is not ſealed with the doctor's own arms, and ſigned with his own hand-writing. It is to be feared, however, that his pneumatic vials will be liable to be counterfeited, as our philoſopher has not intereſt enough at court to procure a patent. Indeed were ſuch a patent granted, it might ſuperſede Mr. *Pinchbeck's*; becauſe that in this air a candle is found to burn with ſo bright and continued a flame, that it could never want ſnuffing.

See Vol. II. of Dr. Prieſtley's Experiments on Air.

Digitized by Google

XVI.

" The deed is done, thy foes are dead,
" No longer *England*, ſhalt thou dread
" Such preſbyterean huffers;
" Thy candle's radiance ne'er ſhall fade
" With now and then a little aid,
" From *Pinchbeck's* patent-ſnuffers."

F I N I S.

Digitized by Google

Just published, by the Printer hereof,

A VIEW OF THE INTERNAL EVIDENCE OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION,

By SOAME JENYNS, Esq.

Price 2s. 2d. sewed in Marble Paper.

☞ The demand for this publication in England, has been so uncommonly great, that four Editions of it have been printed in a few weeks; which the Editors conclude to be an indubitable proof of its extraordinary merit.

THE CONSTITUTION OF ENGLAND: OR, AN ACCOUNT OF THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT:

In which it is compared with the Republican form of Government, and occasionally with the other Monarchies of Europe.

By J. L. DE LOLME, Advocate, Citizen of Geneva.

The SECOND EDITION, corrected by the AUTHOR. Price 4s. 4d. bound.

Ponderibus librata suis.— OVID. MET. L. I. 13.

*** "The reputation of this Book, the French Original of which "is known to many of our Readers, hath not been a little increased "by the great character given of it by the celebrated JUNIUS. He "speaks of it more than once with high encomium, and has recommended it to the Public as a performance, deep, solid, and ingenious. "Nor is it JUNIUS alone who hath praised it in the strongest terms, "it has been mentioned, with equal applause, by some of the most illustrious members of the British senate; among whom may be "reckoned the names of a CAMDEN and a CHATHAM."

MONTHLY REVIEW.

LETTERS FROM ITALY,

DESCRIBING THE

Manners, Customs, Antiquities, Paintings, &c. of that COUNTRY,

In the Years 1770 and 1771, to a Friend residing in France.

By an ENGLISH WOMAN [Mrs. MILLAR of Bath.]

In 3 Volumes, 12mo. Price 9s. 9d. bound.

BRITISH MUSEUM Transferred 1889 DUPLICATE.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google